

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Twenty-seven missionaries for China and Japan left San Francisco recently in one steamer.

—The gifts of the late Edwin B. Morgan to Wells College, at Aurora, N. Y., foot up about \$361,000.

—The London *Saturday Review* classes Michigan University as a woman's college, because Ann Arbor is a feminine name!

—The School Directors of Monongahela City, Pa., require every lady teacher employed to sign a contract not to marry during the school year.

—The Irish Presbyterian Synod has adopted resolutions strongly condemning the growing practice of sitting instead of standing during prayers.

—A Union Church has been started at Newfield, Conn., comprised of thirty members—Adventists, Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists.—*Christian Union*.

—Colonel Shorter, the Rome, Ga., millionaire, left in his will a bequest of \$35,000 and one hundred shares of railroad stock to the college that bears his name, as a permanent endowment, the income therefrom to be used for the employment of teachers and the assistance of needy teachers.—*Chicago Times*.

—At the commencement of Mount Union College, Ohio, a few days since, it was stated that during the year the attendance had been 515, with a greater average attendance than formerly, and that the total number of students from the origin of the college had been 16,526, about one-fourth of them ladies, and over one-half teachers.

—The revision of Luther's Bible, begun in 1863, has just been finished. Of the thirty original members of the revision committee but fourteen live to see the revision completed. The work is now to be printed and submitted to the university faculties for criticism. It will probably be ready for the public in about two years.—*N. Y. Independent*.

—An English newspaper writer says: "Sermons, when for a charity, might be reduced in length were everybody to follow the example of a friend of mine. When 'sitting under' one of these sermons, he places twenty shillings in his pocket. After the sermon has lasted twenty minutes, he deducts a shilling for each extra five minutes, and only puts in the plate what remains."—*N. Y. Post*.

—It is gradually becoming impressed upon the public that to learn a few simple things intelligently and with the freshness of interest and liking is better for a child than to commit to memory in a perfunctory fashion a host of things which inspire it with nothing but weariness and a desire to get through quickly and be done with it. Exact teaching sufficed with honest enthusiasm is the boon which the future will bring. The growth of public opinion in this direction has within the last two or three years been astonishing.—*Chicago Journal*.

—Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, has suspended the Rev. J. Dougherty, of the Church of the Guardian Angel, at Brighton Beach, because he had accepted money that came from an "improper source." Father Dougherty accepted the offer made by Mr. Engeman of one day's proceeds of the race course. The day was set and the amount realized \$2,000, which has been returned to Mr. Engeman. The action of the Bishop has been approved by most of the clergy, but some of them think the rule should be extended so as to prohibit lotteries at church fairs.—*Christian Union*.

### Treatment of Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working in doors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, etc., see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head, a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration but drink water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to and pour cold water over the head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.—*New York Board of Health*.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

—A New Yorker has been fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe.

—We caught, cured and consumed \$90,000,000 worth of fish in 1881.

—It is estimated that 600,000 acres of Northern soil are given up to tobacco, and that the crop will reach \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

—It is estimated that there are, in round numbers, 1,600,000 employees of the United States railroads, about one-third-second of the population of fifty millions.

—A Great Northern Railroad train, with an eight-foot single driver outside cylinder engine, lately ran from Leeds to London, 1861 miles, in exactly three hours—sixty-two miles an hour.

—Upward of 13,000,000 letters and postal-cards are posted daily in the world; 3,418,000,000 letters are annually distributed in Europe, 1,246,000,000 in America, 76,000,000 in Asia, 36,000,000 in Australia and 11,000,000 in Africa.

—The value of the hay crop in New England, according to the statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington, is as follows: Maine, \$16,438,740; Massachusetts, \$15,831,456; Vermont, \$12,298,112; Connecticut, \$12,160,800; New Hampshire, \$7,925,255; Rhode Island, \$1,728,240. Total, \$86,383,604.

—The total number of journals published in France is 3,272, being 1,343 in Paris and 1,929 in the provinces. Of the former it is surprising to find that the most numerous class is financial, 209; then medical, 97; illustrated, 88; fashions, 81; political, 71; law, 64; Catholic, 64; science, 41; literature, 30; and art, 19. The provincial papers are thus classified according to their politics: Republican, 615; Legitimist, 177; Orleanist, 140; religious, 108; Bonapartist, 100.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—The world's production of lead is about 440,000 tons. The estimate for Europe is as follows: Spain, 120,000; Germany, 90,000; England, 67,000; France, 16,000; Italy, 10,000; Greece, 9,000; Belgium, 8,000; Austria, 6,000; Russia, 15,000; making a total of 326,500 metric tons. The product of the United States is estimated at 110,000 tons. This places the United States the second ore-producing country in the world. Spain leads us only in the amount of 10,000 tons, and has been rapidly declining for the past few years. We are now consumers of about one-fourth of the world's lead product, and bid fair by another year to take rank as the first, and capable of furnishing a surplus to the foreign markets.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—A man gathers wisdom by financial loss. Like a razor, he is sharper for being strapped.

—Here is a suggestion which may do you good:—If every man will mend one we shall all be mended.

—If you heed the insults of an enemy you are but his equal, and yet the way to stop his insults is to pound him until he whoops for mercy.—*Detroit Free Press*.

—You do not deal a death-blow to the Darwinian theory by saying: "Man descended from the monkey, but what did the monkey descend from?" The monkey descended from the tree.

—The thing now for city girls rusticating in the country is to whitewash miniature hay-racks out of white wood and send them to their admirers in town. This probably signifies: "Come and make hay while the sun shines."—*Chicago Times*.

—Neighbor's pretty daughter: "How much is this a yard?" Draper's son—desperate "spoons" on her:—"Only one kiss." "If it's so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you." He now sings—

Thou art so near, and yet so far,  
But it's wonderful how cute you are.

—"Somebody has left on our desk a poem addressed to Lillian. We shall not publish it. Not that it isn't pretty good poetry. But we don't know Lillian. This poet makes her out as delicious. If she isn't, we don't want to spread broadcast a wrong impression of her; and if she is, we'll do the poetry-writing about her ourselves."—*Boston Post*.

—"Do we love old music," Berta? Oh, indeed we do. That is the kind we love. There is a piano next door that is now in the ninety-seventh year of its age, and it has the asthma so bad you can't hear it ten feet away from the key-board. And compared with the loud-sounding three-year-old across the way, the antique is an angel's whisper.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

—A new fashion in ear-rings copies the styles worn by Cleopatra, who bit herself with an asp, and died before the war. When Cleo, dressed to "mash" Antony she wore a pair of ear-rings which cost over half a million dollars. If this is the style now introduced, more than one editor's wife will have to worry along another year without a pair of Cleopatra ear-rings.—*Norristown Herald*.

—The prevailing styles of dog for this season will not be changed in any marked degree. The window-brush dog continues to continue in favor among young women who have been crossed in love and have the dyspepsia. A favorite style of dog has a princess nose, and is trimmed with an ostrich-plume tail tightly curled over the polonaise. The Prince-Albert cutaway sausage dog is not used in warm weather. City dogs that undertake to depopulate the country fields of the ornate and festive bull will be gored. Shaggy dogs will be worn with the hair bouffant around the neck, plain about the waist and polonaise, and a pompadour tail.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## Youths' Department.

### THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,  
Whom I always see arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and  
petted little elf;  
For she never helps her mother, or her sister,  
or her brother,  
But, forgetting all around her, lives entirely  
for herself;  
So she sumpers, and she sighs,  
And she knows not where the happy hours flee.  
Now let me tell you privately, my darling little  
friends,  
She's as miserable as a miserable man can be,  
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,  
Whom I've often seen arrayed in  
Silks and ribbons, but not always; she's a prudent  
little elf;  
And she always helps her mother, and her sister,  
and her brother,  
And lives for all around her, quite regardless  
of herself;  
So she laughs and she sings,  
And she knows no happy hours flee.  
Shower gladness round her pathway as they  
fly,  
Now need I tell you privately, my darling little  
friends,  
She's as happy as a little maid can be?  
This is surely just the little maid for me.  
—*Harper's Young People*.

### "THE MINUTE-HAND OF THE CLOCK."

A German Boy's Adventure.

"Kaspar, thou little rogue, how often shall I tell thee not to meddle with that clock?"

"I was only watching the wheels go round, father," said a sturdy little fellow in a soiled leathern jacket, starting up with a mischievous look in his blue eyes.

"And what hast thou to do with the wheels, eh? Suppose this clock is stopped or put wrong some day by one of thy tricks, what shall I, Hans Scheller, custodian of St. Martin's Church, say to the Town Council? Dost thou know what birch porridge is, thou rogue? Beware, or I'll give thee such a taste of it as shall make thee go round faster than the wheels."

Poor Hans was, indeed, kept in constant terror by his inquiring son's uncontrollable habit of going wherever he ought not. The old Church of St. Martin was a famous play-ground for any boy, with its shadowy aisles, and countless pillars, and tall towers, and deep niches, and half-ruined battlements; and the worthy custodian, when he awoke from his after-dinner nap in his little room at the foot of the great clock tower, never knew whether he should find his hopeful boy hiding behind the altar-screen, trying to blow the organ bellows, playing hide-and-seek among the pinnacles of the roof, or sitting astride of a carved spout a hundred and sixty feet above the pavement.

All this, however, might have been forgiven, for the old custodian was really as fond of his "little rogue" as the boy, with all his wildness, was of him. But the one thing that Hans could not pardon was the danger caused by his son's restless inquisitiveness to his beloved church clock. It was his pride and glory to be able to tell every one that during the whole forty years that he had been in charge of the "St. Martin's Kirche," the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing would convince him that it was not by far the finest clock in the whole world.

"Don't tell me of the big clock of Strasburg Cathedral," he would say, with an obstinate shake of his gray head. "Could it go forty years on end, think you, without the slightest deviation? No, that it couldn't, nor any other clock on the face of the earth except this one."

Mindful of Kaspar's inquiring turn of mind, his father, having to do some marketing in the town the day after our hero's stolen visit to the clock, locked the door of the tower, and took the key along with him.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered; "and, in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not one to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right into the clock-room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy shop, running from one marvel to another, until at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was such a queer scrape to be in that Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than to be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute-hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off!

Poor Kaspar! it was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help, but with his neck in that cramped position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to writhe himself back through the hole; but a piece of the wood-work had slipped down upon the back of his neck, and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the while the sun was shining gayly, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market-place

came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with Death stealing upon him inch by inch. His head grew dizzy, and the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm outstretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer, nearer.

"What can that thing in the clock face be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head!" cried a gray-haired watchmaker beside him (one of Hans Scheller's special friends), snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed! he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wild-fire, and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top of the stair they were suddenly brought to a stand-still by the locked door.

"It's locked!" cried Klugmann in tones of horror, "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here."

"Never mind the key," roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against that lock. All together now!"

Crash went the door, in rushed the crowd, and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute-hand actually touched his neck. And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home from a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room crowded with strange men all talking at once.

But from that day forth Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church clock again.—*Davil Ker*.

\*The great English Cathedral of St. Paul's is said to have witnessed a somewhat similar adventure.

### A Magnificent Telescope for Russia.

The Russian Observatory at Poulkovo will shortly be in possession of a gigantic telescope. For a long time this observatory, constructed in 1839 by order of the Czar Nicholas, possessed the most powerful instruments in the world, but of late years the scientific progress which has been made in England, France and the United States has put the Poulkovo Observatory in the shade. The University of Virginia, for instance, has now the enormous McCormick telescope, the objective of which is 261 inches in diameter and thirty-three feet long, while the Naval Observatory at Washington has one of the same caliber, and Mr. Leck, a wealthy Californian, is about to place a still greater telescope on Mount Hamilton, near St. Jose.

Four years ago the Russian Government accordingly determined to construct a new instrument which both in respect to its mechanism and optic power would surpass any existing telescope. The astronomer Otto Sturwe was commissioned to superintend the work, the execution of which was intrusted to Messrs. Alvin Clark & Co., of Cambridge, Mass. The glasses, consisting of an amalgam of flint and crown glass, have been in hand for nearly a year, and by the month of October they will be ready for use. The total length of the Poulkovo telescope will be forty-five feet, and the diameter of the glass thirty inches, exclusive of the mounting. The telescope will be placed in a meadow to the southwest of the principal building of the Poulkovo Observatory, and it will stand upon a movable iron turret which will itself rest on rails. The telescope will be so powerful that the moon will be brought to an apparent distance of only a hundred miles from the earth.—*London Telegraph*.

### The Snake's Ability to Charm.

A veritable instance of the peculiar fascination which the snake exerts was witnessed a few days ago, within a short distance of our city. The gentleman who saw this says he was walking leisurely along the road when his attention was directed to the movements of a brown thrush which was sitting about near a small plum bush, and at intervals giving a cry, as of distress. He walked up to the bush supposing he would find a brood of young birds. He looked carefully, but saw nothing, and was walking off, when he noticed that the thrush had returned to the bush from which he had frightened it. He waited a moment to watch its movements, when he saw it fly down on the ground beneath the plum. There it stood still a short while, then began to circle around the bush, still crying in its peculiar tones. This circling was kept up for a while, and then the thrush seemed gradually to weaken and at length stood perfectly still—immovable, with its wings partly open, and with its head bent forward. He drew nearer to the bush, when he heard an ominous hiss, and, looking down under the plum, he saw a large black snake coiled up and about to spring upon the bird. He frightened the snake away and picked up the bird, which made no effort to escape, and seemed powerless. In a few minutes, however, the bird revived, and shortly afterward flew away.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appal*.

—Griffin, Ga., has the largest peach orchard in the South, containing 50,000 trees and covering most of 600 acres. On the same farm are 4,000 grafted apple trees and 5,000 pear trees.—*Chicago Times*.

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